

accomplished in a triumphant Christ, in whom there is rest for the soul, and that is rest indeed.

Now of the things presented this is the sum: That God in Christ created the natural world, which occupied six days, from which he rested on the seventh, and commanded men to do the same for a season; and that during this physical rest, God worked to develop this lost item, and, I may say, more important item, of his creation, viz., the plan of salvation, and also that Christ in whom this work culminated, and who finished the same by lying in the grave on the last day legal observance of the seventh day Sabbath, it of necessity follows that the ultimate rest was introduced one day later on in the rotation of time, or on the first day of the week, according to Jewish reckoning; and this is that "other day" spoken of in Heb. 4:8, which speaks on this wise: "For if Joshua had given them rest, then would he not afterward have spoken of another day."

Which remaineth to the people of God in which to Sabbatize and look forward to the glorious rest of God, into which we enter by faith, with Christ our Lord, according to the promise. AMEN and AMEN.

Vernalis, Cal.

Children's Department.

HOW NICODEMUS BECAME JEREMIAH.

"Yes, it's Nick, though he don't look it." Phebe West's voice broke in a sob. "It was all along of boys."

"Boys!"

Four blue eyes snapped at Phebe, and then at the black cat in her arms.

The black cat thought it was time to speak up for himself. He was ragged and lean, and it was plain he was terribly afraid of his old friends, Jack and Tommy, for he spit at them furiously, and then tried to hide out of their sight, in Phebe's neck.

"Mrs. Wilbur found him in her cellar. He must have been there all the time he's been lost—'most a month. She says a hole is broken in one window just big enough to poke him through when he was fat. The glass cut him on both sides," and, weeping, Phebe showed the boys first one and then the other of the black cat's shoulders, along which ran a half-healed wound two inches long or more.

"I just wish I had hold of the boys who did it," said Jack West, who was usually peaceable; "I'd teach them how to treat cats."

"Me too," echoed Tommy, his very freckles showing indignation. "I only

wish old Nicodemus could tell their names."

"She's been home six days," resumed Phebe. "The first two she and Mr. Wilbur went to the hotel for their meals. She heard a kitty crying in the night, and thought some of the neighbors were cruel to a cat. The third day she was expecting her cook and went down in the kitchen. She says Nick gave one dreadful yowl right by the cellar door, and when she opened it, he could just stagger out. She brought some milk, and he lay down by it and cried. Then he lapped a little and staggered over to her, and tried to purr."

"Oh! poor Nicky," cried Tommy, putting out his hand to caress the returned pet. A deep scratch made him jump back. Could this be Nicodemus, who a month before had been so good-natured he did not even resent the baby's sitting down on him?

"Oh!" it's Nicodemus," said Phebe, nodding. "Mrs. Wilbur found his ribbon and bell this morning. He is so thin it came off, and he cried so, afore she knew who he was, she called him Jeremiah, because of his lamentations."

Jack and Tommy laughed, and Nicodemus, terrified, spit and tried to hide under Phebe's arm.

Nicodemus recovered his good looks in time, but along each shoulder a white streak in the black fur told where his scars were. He never again learned to like boys, and as he would mew and yowl for hours, the name of Jeremiah stuck to him.

"He's seen heart-scaldin' sorer, th' cratur," said the ashman. "As I travels oop an' down the city 'tis achin' wid pity I gits for the dumb things.—*Elizabeth Cumings.*"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD IN KENTUCKY.

The home into which the child came was a poor one. The cabin was not "the picturesque, vine-clad one of the story-books," said a resident of the country, who had followed in detail the scenes of the President's early life, "but one standing out in a clearing, with only one small room, a door, but no window, a stick chimney, with open cracks through which swept the wind, the rain, the snows of winter, and swarms of mosquitoes in summer. . . . We take an inventory of the furniture of that cabin: Bunks, the mattress of dry leaves, the slab stools, the open fireplace. We note the absence of even the necessities of life—neither stove, window, or floor." The only one of Mr. Lincoln's early acquaintances now living, Mr. Austin Gollaher, said to a represen-

tative of this magazine, in describing the poverty of these early surroundings:

"At the time of Abraham's birth his father was away from home. Some of the neighbors who were with Mrs. Lincoln at the event learned that she was destitute of anything in the nature of food. Some of the ladies called upon Judge William Cessna, one of the most prominent men of that time in this section, in Mrs. Lincoln's behalf, and he donated flour and other articles of food."

The picture is dark; but fortunately, there are those who remember pleasanter things about it. Christopher Columbus Graham, whose statements have already been quoted, says of the stories of the poverty in Thomas Lincoln's family:

"It is all stuff about Tom Lincoln keeping his wife in an open shed in a winter when the wild animals left the woods and stood in the corners next the stick and clay chimneys so as not to freeze to death; or, if climbers, they got on the roof. They had a cow and calf, milk and butter, a good feather bed; for I have slept in it, while they took the buffalo robes on the floor, because I was a doctor. They had home-woven 'kiverlids,' big and little pots, a loom and wheel; and William Hardesty, who was there too, can say with me that Tom Lincoln was a man, and took care of his wife."—*McClure's Magazine.*

A WISE DOG.

The London Spectator tells the following story: "A collie in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of fetching from his master's room slippers, cap, keys, or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the usual errand, he did not reappear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bedroom had blown to, and that the dog was a prisoner. Some days later he was again told to fetch something, and as the wind was high his master, after a few minutes' delay, followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the door firmly back with the door mat, which he had rolled up for the purpose; and having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers. This same collie, when walking with me, ran in front and rang the gate bell of the house to which I was going, so that I had not to wait when I arrived there."

GOODLY PEARLS.

Good deeds immortal are: they cannot die. Unscathed by envious blight or withering frost, They live, and bud, and bloom; and men partake Still of their freshness, and are strong thereby. —*Ayloun.*